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**SCANDINAMIAN  
REVIEW**



**YULE NUMBER**  
**A NEW STORY BY SELMA LAGERLÖF**



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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THE YULE NUMBER

SELMA LAGERLÖF, the foremost living author in the Scandinavian North, has contributed her "Mathilda Wrede" to the Yule REVIEW at the request of her kinsman in America, Mr. Hans Lagerlöf of New York. This is practically the first narrative written by Miss Lagerlöf since she received the Nobel Prize, to be translated in America. The sympathetic English interpretation is the work of Miss Lagerlöf's friend and representative in America, Velma Swanston Howard. Baroness Wrede, the subject of this biographical tale, has devoted a life of service to the prisons of Finland, and while this service has recently been taken from her by the Russian government, Mathilda Wrede is a national heroine among her Finnish people.

The recent unfortunate death of Dr. Diesel, the German inventor, has awakened a worldwide interest in the Diesel motor. IVAR B. KNUDSEN is recognized on the continent as one of Denmark's most brilliant inventors and constructors; his article on the Diesel motor ship, generously prepared at the urgent solicitation of the editor, Mr. Knudsen modestly desired to be anonymous, but the announcement of its authorship was deemed necessary to give the full weight of authority.

Like her mother, Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone, author of "In the Courts of Memory," COUNTESS RABEN-LEVETZAU is an American girl happily married to a Danish nobleman. Her husband, Count Raben, is heir to Aalholm Castle and other fine old Danish estates. From 1905 to 1908 he was Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Our readers will welcome the reappearance of MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, our first contributor, who follows the "Three Danish Sonnets" with which the REVIEW opened last January, with a delicate sonnet dedicated to Rosenborg Castle. The new administration at Washington has retained Dr. Egan as Minister to Denmark.

PAUL G. SCHMIDT, A.M., is Vice-President and Professor of Mathematics in St. Olaf College, Minnesota. He was President of the St. Olaf Choir during their tour abroad last summer.

LEONARD DALTON ABBOTT is a native of England who came to New York in 1897 and became prominently identified with the Socialist movement. Since 1905 he has been an editor of *Current Opinion*. Mr. Abbott is a gentle belligerent, a foe to convention and a friend of the radical tendencies in Scandinavian thought.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN, Ph.D., of the College of the City of New York, is a confirmed contributor to the REVIEW.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, editor of the REVIEW, though born in Philadelphia in 1880, is not of Quaker, but of Mayflower descent. After two years' residence in Scandinavia he became a contributor on Northern topics to English and American magazines. Formerly instructor in English and Old Norse literature at Harvard University, he has during the past year devoted all his time to the educational work of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The portrait of a Dalecarlian girl reproduced on our cover, "Kings Karin," was painted by Anders Zorn in 1905 for Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, in whose study it hangs today at Kiruna, far north in Lapland. The REVIEW thanks Mr. Zorn and Dr. Lundbohm for their kind permission. The young lady herself is a daughter of the Kings farm in Zorn's own parish of Mora. The cover was planned by Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the design executed by Mr. Brynjulf Strandenes, while the plates for the portrait, as well as the frontispiece by Liljefors, were made in Stockholm.





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# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## Mathilda Wrede A SKETCH FROM LIFE

*By SELMA LAGERLÖF*

Translated by Velma Swanston Howard

### I

THE first time I visited the Art Museum at Helsingfors—the winter of 1912—I remember well that my Finnish guide suddenly halted before a certain picture.

“This canvas,” he remarked, “we prize more than anything else in the Museum.”

I glanced at the picture. It was the portrait of a woman in a plain, dark dress, with hair brushed smoothly back. She was no longer young, neither was she beautiful.

“Whom does it represent?” I asked, trying to discover a reason for his enthusiasm.

“That is Mathilda Wrede, by Arvid Järnefelt,” said the Finn; and it was evident from his tone that he thought it needless to say anything further to make me understand.

I had never before heard of Mathilda Wrede; therefore the name told me nothing; but before my guide had finished speaking a veil seemed to drop from my eyes, and I saw who was before me. I saw it in the thin, strong hands, and in the dress, which had not a button, or fold, or loop more than was strictly necessary. Above all, I saw it in the radiant lustre of the upturned eyes—a lustre not wrought by tears or by anything else earthly. Before me was one of those divinely appointed to fight the world’s evil and misery, with never a thought of self.

“Mathilda Wrede must be a saint,” I observed, struggling hard to control my voice; for there was something indescribably touching

about the lone woman who bore her burden with enthusiasm, though it was apparently crushing her to earth.

"Yes, she is something of that sort," returned the Finn. She devotes her time to rescue work among convicts. She must be forty now, and has been in this work from girlhood. She is of the Old Nobility, yet nothing exists for her but the poor criminals. They get all she can give them—time and money, care and consideration."

We talked long of Mathilda Wrede. My guide informed me that she kept in touch with her "wards," even after their release from prison, and was their counsellor also in purely practical matters. Her home was always open to them; she, if no one else, received them as friends.

At my request he also told me what she was like. The portrait was to some extent misleading; it revealed only the dominant purpose of her life. Meeting her under ordinary circumstances and noting the slim figure and the strong aquiline nose one could not forget that she was descended from a race of fighters. She was happy, buoyant and open-hearted; nothing troubled her save that she had not money enough to give her wards all the help that was needed. It was self-evident that she should sacrifice herself for her friends, the criminals. That was her work, and she loved it. She knew how to call forth their best qualities. She liked to talk of them, and always described them with as much love as humor.

Finally I asked if she had met with success.

"You yourself see," said the Finn, pointing to the picture, "that it isn't easy to resist her!"

Some days later I met Mathilda Wrede. However, it is not of our meeting that I would tell. Here I shall only record a few incidents in her life, some details of which she told me herself; the rest I have from her friends.

## II

When a girl of eighteen, Mathilda Wrede dreamed several consecutive nights that a man cried out to her for help. She saw him plainly, heard his moans and sobs, was moved to pity, and wanted to help him. But as is usual in dreams, she could not carry out her purpose and presently awoke, feeling troubled and anxious, the tears coursing down her cheeks. This man whom Mathilda Wrede had seen in the dream she one day met in reality.

Her father, who at that time was Governor of the province of Vasa, had sent for a penal convict, a painter by trade, and had ordered him to repaint some old furniture. While the convict was at work the young daughter of the Governor came by, and he looked up. She stood stock still, unable to move. It was the man of her dream! She recognized every feature of his face.

The man, after a casual glance at her, resumed his work without a word. This amazed her. In the surprise of the moment she had expected him to recognize her and to take advantage of this opportunity by appealing once more for help.

Although the man had said nothing, she could not get away from the thought that his soul was in a state of torment, and that something must be done for him. Yet he stood there, quietly working, nothing about him betraying any inner upheaval. Nevertheless she was certain that such was the case.

The dream and the spirit of the dream returned now with a force so overpowering that she could but believe they possessed full reality. To her the only thing of import was to do something for the man at once, and thus spare herself another night of agony on his account.

Without knowing how it came about, she began to talk to him of his soul; of the burden of sin, and of salvation.

Even at that time she must have been deeply religious, but she was also timid and afraid of ridicule.

When she realized what she had taken upon herself, she felt as if she were treading on dangerous ice, which might at any moment break under her. On recovering herself, she hastily added a few significant words, then stood silent, and decidedly ill at ease. What had she said? Had she been beguiled into betraying her love for Christ, which constituted her young heart's sweetest secret?

The man was perhaps laughing at her, or resented, maybe, that she, a mere child, should try to comfort him—a mature and experienced man. The convict continued silent, working carefully but slowly, as if to stretch out the time. Presently his task was completed; a few minutes more were consumed in cleaning the brushes. Only after that did he turn to her. Then she saw that the man was moved. He had not laughed at her. He had wept while bending over his work. He looked as if he had experienced great things; but of these he did not speak. To her he only said:

"Pity you can't come down to the prison and talk to the others, too!"

Then he went. But his words were to the young girl an inspiration.

All that had happened that day seemed to her a direct command from the Most High. In her heart she felt the presence of her God, and, in devotion and obedience, she folded her hands.

"If it is Thy will I shall go to those who languish in prison and tell them of Thee."

### III

One morning, some years later, Mathilda Wrede sat in the anteroom of the Governor General at Helsingfors, awaiting an audience. She was very pale, and held her hands tightly clasped so that no one

would notice how they trembled. Her suspense and unrest were not to be wondered at, for unless she could persuade the powerful official in the adjoining room to take pity on her, she must abandon her life's mission.

Almost up to that time there had been nothing to prevent her from carrying on the work which God had entrusted to her. Her father had allowed her full liberty to visit the prison at Vasa, where she made her first experiments. She had failed now and then, but on the whole her service had been a blessing. That she should not be allowed to continue seemed incredible.

But now her father had left his post, the family had moved to Helsingfors, where those in authority refused to open the prison gates to her. She had knocked at many a door, but nowhere had she found a willing ear. So, after many futile attempts, she decided to present her petition to the Governor-General himself.

One must try to understand just what this meant to her. She must needs go to a Russian official, a stranger to her faith, and place in his hands her most precious interest. She had carefully thought out what she would say to him to make him understand that she was divinely called; that she really did have the power to reach criminals, and change the bent of their minds. Yet, every second she was becoming more and more convinced that her petition would meet with no response. She tormented herself, as one habitually does when sitting waiting. God would have helped her had she been worthy of help, which she was not, of course. He had tried her, and this was His way of showing her that she was unfit to labor for Him.

She started and turned crimson, like a culprit caught red-handed. She had made a sudden discovery. At that moment she perceived that her work among criminals was of supreme importance to her own happiness. She loved this work, and to be deprived of it would be a terrible loss.

All the time when visiting the dark cells, spending hours and hours trying to awaken in some criminal a sense of guilt, she had imagined that she was doing it for love of God; but God knew that it was simply a means of self-gratification. Therefore the work was to be taken from her.

She searched her heart, again and again. Why had she chosen to work among convicts? Only because it interested her more than anything else. Now that it was over, her life would be empty. She needed these poor people far more than they needed her. For them Almighty God could call another helper at any time.

This conviction fell upon her like a crushing weight. She was already prepared to go her way and let the matter drop, when the attendant motioned to her that it was her turn.

On her way to the audience chamber she thought: "The power of

decision does not rest with this man. I am already judged. I know that this interview is to no purpose."

When she came out, some ten minutes later, she had the Governor General's promise. By his decree she was to have unrestricted entry to all prisons in Finland. Thus all obstacles were removed; the way was open.

But how could this be? How had this come about?

While with the Governor General she had certainly not said what she intended saying when leaving home that morning. The words that were to have convinced him that she was called of God had been taken from her the instant it had dawned upon her that she worked merely for her own pleasure and satisfaction. What she did say had sounded cold and colorless. Her own coldness had frightened her into outbursts which were not of the heart, and had therefore created a false impression. She had instantly detected that he did not take her seriously. Nor could she forget that she strove only for herself; this had robbed her of courage.

On reaching the street she was still dazed and mystified. But presently she recalled the look on the Governor General's face and immediately interpreted what had taken place in his mind.

He had been thinking that there were two kinds of enthusiasts in the world: The genuine, who hold to one idea through life. These were troublesome and dangerous persons. For such one must set up every conceivable obstacle from the start. The other kind burn violently for a time, but soon tire and long for change; for these one need raise no barriers. On the contrary, they should be encouraged to go ahead, in which case they will invariably tire of their own accord.

Now she understood that she had been classed with the latter kind; and therefore her request had been granted. She had succeeded because of her failure to make him believe in her mission.

Yet why had she been alarmed at the thought of her calling as a pleasure? Where was the wrong in this? Was it not a sign that the Lord had created her for just this work? That He needed her, and had fashioned her thus for His instrument?

#### IV

In the prison-house at Åbo was an old convict named Lauri.

One morning Mathilda Wrede spent a full hour in his cell, helping him write letters home. There was so much she was to say and so much she was not to say! The old man rambled on and on. She tried to be patient, but that day he was more tedious and long-winded than ever, and she was utterly worn out before he had finally said all. The same day she was summoned by the Governor of the prison, who detained her until half after two.

She usually dined in town between two and three o'clock, but this time she thought it best to forego the midday meal, since she had to be back at the prison by three, at which hour she held daily what might be termed a public reception. The Governor had assigned to her a special room where she could receive convicts who desired her aid.

She felt rather tired after her busy morning, and when she entered the reception room and found old man Lauri standing there, waiting for her, she was provoked.

"Why, Lauri!" she protested, thinking she could not endure a second recital of his long-winded tales. "I have given you a whole hour today; so you mustn't take up the time of the others."

But Lauri did not mind the rebuke. "Don't be afraid, Miss," he said. "I shan't be so long this time. It so happens that I've been working in the courtyard today, doing a little tinkering on a wagon, and I haven't seen you go home; so you can't have had any dinner."

"That is true, Lauri. Therefore——"

The old man beamed with satisfaction.

"I thought of you, Miss, when I was having my dinner," he said. "By good luck we had meat soup and potatoes. Now if it had been peas it wouldn't have been possible to hide any; but as it was I have managed to spare both bread and potatoes for you." Whereupon old man Lauri dived down into his pocket and brought up two small potatoes and a hunk of grimy bread, which he held out to her in a wet, dirty hand.

"What sunshine and flowers are to those who live in a free world, you, Miss, are to us who sit behind bars," said the old man. "That's why——"

She herself did not know when accepting the offering whether she was most touched or most afraid lest he should also want the pleasure of seeing her appease her hunger. But, happily, he left at once without even expecting thanks.

Then she hastened after him.

"Lauri!" she called. "You may talk as long as you like next time. You have given me more than bread. You have given me something of which I can think with joy all my life."

## V

One Saturday evening Jaho Jokkinen and his comrade, Eino Illonen, sat on a bench in *Brunnspark*, at Helsingfors. It was windy and drizzly, but Jokkinen and Illonen, who paid little heed to wind and weather, were in high spirits—and with good cause. Were they not seated in an out-of-the-way corner, their pockets bulging with bottles, ready to make a night of it

Jokkinen was an old Helsingforser, while Illonen was a newcomer to the Capital, and unfamiliar with city ways. He had come from the country to be a cabman and considered himself too good to associate with Jokkinen, who was an ex-convict. However, he had been unable to resist the seductive bottles whose necks protruded from Jokkinen's pocket. While Jokkinen was forcing the corkscrew into the neck of the first bottle he was loud in his praises of the spot where they were.

"I say, old pal—nothing the matter with this, eh? Fine sea view! And not a policeman has been seen around here in ten years."

The whole park was as good as deserted. Only the dim outline of a solitary woman could be seen moving forward among the trees. Illonen couldn't imagine anything less formidable; but Jokkinen let out a volley of curses because she of all people should be strolling in *Brunnspark* when a poor devil had been looking forward to a pleasant hour, after the wear and tear of the week's work.

"Who are you so afraid of?" asked Illonen.

"Don't you know her?" exclaimed Jokkinen. "True, so far you've had no business with her. She is the lady who used to come to us in the prison."

Illonen laughed derisively: "So it's one of those who talk religion to you while you sit caged. But you're not going to be a fool, man! You're free now."

Jokkinen glanced around, perplexed, and hid the bottle behind his back.

"Can you see if she's coming this way?"

"I believe she is. Aw, brace up!" said Illonen, with a coarse laugh. "Just you let her come here and preach! I'll give her as good as she sends."

This brought Jokkinen to his senses. The ex-convict braced himself and began to draw the cork.

"Well, you see, she isn't like the others," he said, apologetically, "she doesn't preach. In prison we used to count the days till she would come. Then, too, she went to see my wife and kind of made things easy for her while I was away. I felt then that I had no friend but her in all the world. It's a confounded shame that she should happen along to-night!"

"Bah! Don't mind her!" said Illonen. "All that is only a dodge to make you soft. That kind want to convert you so that they themselves may live quietly and safely in their fine houses."

"That may be true of a lot of them, but not of this one," Jokkinen retorted. "Although she's a governor's daughter she lives in a single room; and it's not so grand but that you and I could go there to see her."

"Well, if you're so scared, let's throw the bottles into the sea and go home," proposed Illonen.

"Haven't I said it was the devil's own luck that she should show up just now? But I'm not afraid. Not I! I'll show you."

The cork came out of the bottle with a challenging pop just as the lone woman passed. She had been walking with head bent and had taken no notice of the men by the wayside. Now she sent them a long look, then paused a second; but presently continued up the slope.

When she had passed Jokkinen nudged Illonen. "Did you see those eyes!" he said, with a note of awe in his rum-coarsened voice.

He had been talking so loud that the passer-by must have heard him, but she still went on. Jokkinen's grip on the bottle tightened. He wanted to raise it for a drink, but put it down again.

"Come, now, Jokkinen!" protested Illonen, trying to seize the bottle. But Jokkinen pushed him back.

"Miss!" he called.

The woman turned, hesitatingly.

"Look here!" he shouted, and raised the bottle.

"Mathilda Wrede's health!" he roared, in a tone that cannot be described. At the same time he tipped the bottle and let its contents run out upon the ground; while Illonen, reluctantly impressed by this procedure, saw all the liquor flowing away without making a move.

The next moment Mathilda Wrede had come back to them.

"Ah, Jokkinen, how happy you have made me!" she said. This morning I felt very sad, for I thought that all my strivings were useless. I came out hoping the fresh air would give me a little more courage. But when I saw you sitting here I was more disheartened than ever. I was too tired even to speak to you. What would be the use, anyway, I thought. But now you have cheered and strengthened me. Now both of you must come to town with me, to have some coffee."

"But, Miss, you can't be seen with us!"

"Indeed I can!"

She walked into the city in company with Jokkinen and Illonen, the two proudest men in Helsingfors.

## VI.

### A cell in Helsingfors Prison.

A tall, slender lady, simply attired in a close-fitting gray gown, had just been let in and the door closed. Stretched full length on the floor was a man in prison garb. He made no movement when the door opened and continued motionless, his right arm thrown over his eyes.

The visitor stood quietly, for a time, looking down at the prostrate

man. He was one of whom she had heard much—no petty thief or forger, but a great criminal, an outlaw who had murdered half a dozen people, who had plundered wayfarers and had made several parishes over by the Russian border unsafe. Having finally been captured and sentenced to penal servitude for life, he proved to be so savage that the guards could not handle him. They considered it a menace to life to enter his cell. She who stood there, alone and defenceless, had been compelled fairly to battle with the governor of the prison before obtaining his consent to visit this prisoner.

"Hallonen," she said, in a low but masterful tone, "I come to you with greetings from your relatives back at Vasa."

The man made no response. He was asleep or shamming—she did not quite know which. She waited a moment; then began anew.

"I bring greetings to you from your relatives."

He continued stubbornly silent; whereupon she bent down and twitted him by the sleeve.

Instantly the man, who was fettered hand and foot, sprang to his feet and stood upright, as if by magic. She marveled at his agility, and even more at the man himself as he stood before her. He was the biggest man she had ever seen, a veritable giant with the bearing of a prince, and so perfectly formed that he might well have been the original man himself.

Naturally she stepped backward when he bounded to his feet. She had cause for alarm; the look on his face was that of one whose patience had been tried to its utmost limit, and who, on the least provocation, was ready to raise his fettered hands for a deadly blow.

He saw that he had frightened her, and smiled contemptuously.

"Who are you?" he asked, as if addressing a crawling worm.

She spoke her name and repeated that she had come to him with a message. She was provoked at herself, for she realized that she had spoken in a dejected tone, notwithstanding that she had conquered her momentary fear. What she then felt was an overwhelming hopelessness. She had the sensation of having entered the cage of some beautiful forest beast, which she could neither tame nor master.

The outlaw still ignored her greeting, but took notice of her name.

"Mathilda Wrede"—he pondered. "Then perhaps you are related to the General at Vasa?"

"My father was a general and the Governor of Vasa. Did you know him, Hallonen? He is dead now."

The big prisoner measured her with a disdainful glance.

"The General was a handsome man. What a pity you're not like him!" After which sally he crouched for a spring, his eyes glittering evilly. Obviously, he was trying to provoke his visitor into giving him a sharp retort, that he might have an excuse for attacking her.

While Mathilda Wrede deliberated whether or not to answer him, her glance met his and she instantly caught the murderous gleam in his eyes. She realized that her life was at stake. This quickened her special gift, the intuition which told her how criminals and derelicts must be dealt with. Her confidence being restored, she was amused by the wild man's palpable assurance of his own superiority, despite what had befallen him.

"We cannot all be as handsome as yourself and my father," she pluckily returned, "but we must try to live just the same."

The outlaw straightened himself. This was not the moment to strike. Her answer had disarmed him.

"You are a sensible person," he laughed. "I thought you were here to preach."

Again the glint of evil was in his eyes. In all that he said lay a snare. He wanted to trap her into some retort that would give him cause for attack.

Her answer came with dignity and assurance:

"If God some day allows you to approach Him, I shall be very happy to show you the way to His throne. Until then, we had best talk of other things."

Evidently the man did not wish to understand her.

"Why do you come here, then, if you don't want to preach?" he gruffly demanded.

"I come to Hallonen as I go to others in this prison, to give such service as I may. I can write letters for you. I can bring news of your kindred; and should there be some woman or child back in the forest who suffers want while you are in captivity, I can send aid to them."

"These are only excuses!" the outlaw exclaimed. "The upshot of all this is repentance and conversion. You have come here to make me repent; but I won't—I'm beyond that."

During this speech he had worked himself into a frenzy. Purple with rage, he edged closer to her and shook his clenched fists in her face. She perceived that he was determined to pick a quarrel; and yet, in the stress of mortal danger, she pictured to herself the desperation of this poor barbarian. She understood how this man who had gloried in his strength and prowess, who had been a power among his own, must suffer as a despised prisoner. She had an instinctive fellow feeling for this captive eagle. It was this which prevented her from becoming either angry or fearful. She answered him in the same gentle manner:

"I'm not here to harm you, Hallonen."

He was perchance agreeably moved by a tremor of sympathy in her tone. He had met with nothing of this nature since the beginning of his trouble. He dropped his hands and dragged his shackled feet

a step or two, then sat down upon a narrow bench—the only seat in the cell.

“Do you dare to come and sit beside me?”

This was, of course, a new ruse. He had been at pains to seat himself so as to be between her and the door. He searched eagerly for some sign of hesitancy in her.

She saw what would be the less dangerous course, and sat down beside him.

“I’d like to tell you something,” he began; “but of course you’d go tell it all!”

“Do you think I would repeat what a person tells me in confidence!” she protested.

He was silent a moment, then, quite unexpectedly, he began to tell her of sun-ups and stormy nights, of mystical lakes and crafty beasts, whose manner of living he would emulate. He told it all better than any poet, and, moreover, with the most intimate knowledge. She listened with such eager interest that she almost forgot to whom she was listening.

Suddenly he sprang up so quickly that his chains rattled, and he cried, with passionate yearning:

“Can’t you see that one who has lived back yonder can’t stand being shut up in a hole like this! One must be free somehow!”

“I understand your longing for freedom,” she replied.

He stood bracing himself against the wall. His face had become hard and stolid; and with sinister calm he explained:

“Now, I will tell you what I was thinking of when you came in. I swore to myself that I would kill the first person who entered this cell.”

He stopped a moment, but seeing that she sat quite still and made no reply, he continued:

“That I must free myself in one way or another you can understand. I thought I had already done enough killing for a death sentence; but it seems not. Therefore I’ll have to kill one or two or three more—in fact as many as necessary to end it all.”

“Then, Hallonen, it is your intention to kill me,” she said, without rising or giving any signal that would attract the turnkey, who was undoubtedly near the door, and probably on the watch for anything which might occur.

“That had been my intention the whole time,” he declared. “But now I’m thinking it was a man I had in mind when I made that vow. Therefore you may go, unharmed—but you must be quick about it!”

“But suppose I don’t want to go, Hallonen?”

“There’s no time now for joking. I have said my last word.”

The man expected her to go, but she made no move.

"You must go quickly, or——"

She turned upon him a calm, questioning gaze.

"But it is your purpose to kill the first person who comes in after I have gone."

"That's what I said."

"Then surely you understand, Hallonen, that I must remain."

"Must you remain, Miss?"

"I could not save myself at another's cost. If some one has to die, why should not I be the one."

She turned from him, clasped her hands and lost herself in prayer, glancing no more in his direction. At the same time her face took on a look of yearning and celestial hope. The hour of freedom had come. This sojourn in a world of evil and misery was at last over—the end of all weariness, of all failure; the end of a battle which can never be brought to any final victory. Now only deliverance, freedom, eternal peace awaited her.

She heard the man by the wall rattle his chains. She could hear his labored breathing. Presently he came close to her, and then she heard a hoarse, agonized shriek—but no blow fell. Instead, the outlaw sank to the floor and lay at her feet, sobbing painfully, uncontrollably.

She bent over him with a sigh.

Spared, then; spared to wander further upon wearisome steeps among piercing thorns and venomous reptiles.

END



H. R. H. PRINCE EUGEN—SWEDISH MIDSUMMER NIGHT

# A Smokeless Marine

Denmark's Recent Development of the Diesel Motor

By IVAR KNUDSEN

THE telegram of congratulation which Emperor Wilhelm sent King Christian X of Denmark, on June 25, 1912, from the deck of the new Danish motor ship, eagerly purchased in Germany on her maiden voyage, was not only a tribute to Danish technical skill but an earnest of revolution in the merchant marine of the world. Seven of these smokeless ships are now on the high seas carrying their cargoes over vast distances; they need not stop *en route* to take on coal; depending only on petroleum for their fuel, the new vessels of the East Asiatic Company load at Singapore once for each round voyage. The almost silent, swan-like passage of these ships through the water, without a smoke-stack, gave cause for an American's description of one of them as a "phantom ship," and accounted for the narrow escape of the Swedish captain who failed to respond to the signalled warnings of the *Selandia* on her first trial trip, running his ship directly across her bows, "because he saw no smoke." No sweating stokers are in the hold firing the furnaces of the new motor vessel.

The peculiar type of motor with which these ships are equipped, was originally the patent of a German inventor, Rudolf Diesel, of Munich, in the year 1894. The Diesel motor is useful for a plant in which considerable horse-power is required and differs from the ordinary motor in that no electric spark or lighting apparatus and no explosives are required, the oil being continuously ignited by contact with air previously heated by intense compression.

To Germany and other countries, the Diesel motor was, and has remained a generator for stationary plants on dry land. In 1901 the Danish rights to the Diesel motor were purchased by the machine and ship-building firm of Burmeister & Wain, at Copenhagen. The engineers of this house perfected their own type of motor, which has been supplied to hundreds of commercial electric stations and private plants throughout Denmark. After ten years of patient experimentation, they had reached such a uniform standard that they felt the moment had come to make the bold step of constructing the much larger engines necessary to win a foothold in the world's merchant marine.

It was the president of the Danish East Asiatic Company, Etatsraad Andersen, whose foresight and business courage made possible the construction and realization of the first motor ocean ship. Scarcely more than two years ago, in the autumn of 1911, the first

negotiations began between the East Asiatic Company and the house of Burmeister & Wain for the eventual construction of a ship equipped with Diesel motors. After relatively short deliberation, President Andersen courageously resolved to order two large vessels, each 370 feet long, 53 feet wide and 30 feet deep, with a capacity of 7,200 tons, equipped with four motors—two Diesel motors of 1,250 and two auxiliary motors of 250 indicated horse-power. These ships were christened after two of the great divisions of Denmark—*Selandia* and *Fonia*.

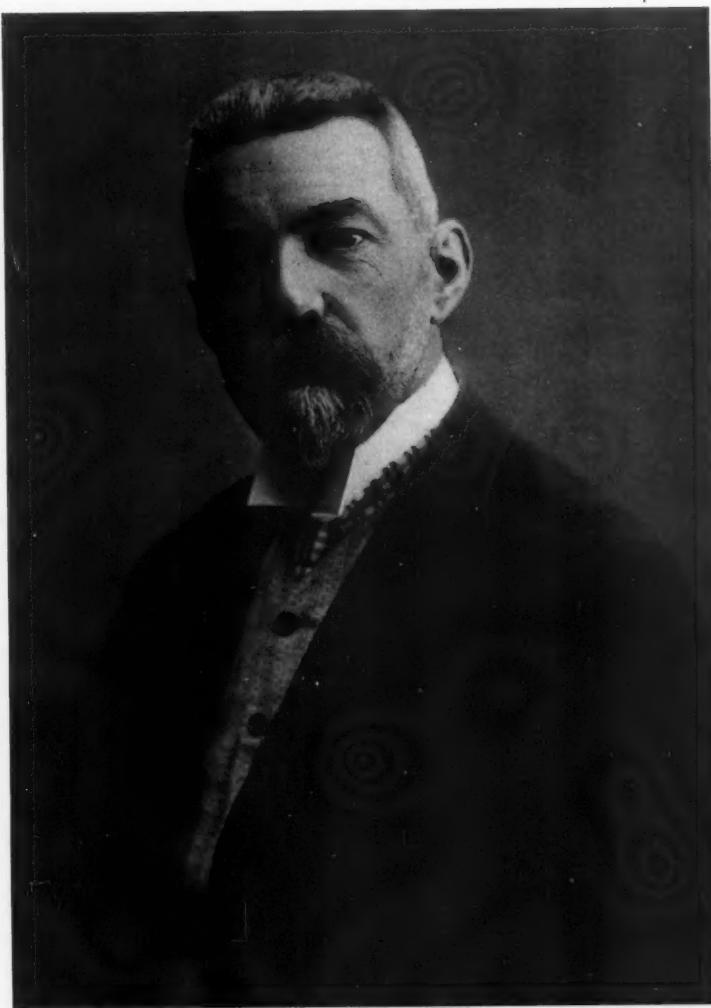
Negotiations were also in progress with a Scottish dockyard, Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., and a contract was concluded with them for taking over the construction of Diesel motors after the Danish system, by which the Scottish house should deliver to the East Asiatic Company a third ship provided with Diesel motors. This ship was to be a counterpart of the *Selandia* and the *Fonia*, and was to be named *Jutlandia*.

The work advanced briskly. In January, 1912, the *Selandia* was ready, and after several successful trial trips in the Øresund, in which all the local authorities participated, together with many distinguished guests from abroad, including ship-builders, representatives of Lloyd's and of the foreign press, the ship was formally taken over by the East Asiatic Company.

Shortly after its delivery, the *Selandia* made its first voyage by way of Aalborg to London. At its departure from Copenhagen, the crown prince, the crown princess, the Princes Valdemar, Erik and Viggo, and Princess Margrethe came on board to make the journey to Elsinore. Here the royal party landed, while Etatsraad Andersen and Director Schmiegelow, from the East Asiatic Company, and Admiral Richelieu, Director Ivar Knudsen, and Chief Engineer Jörgensen from Burmeister & Wain, remained on board. The voyage to Aalborg, as well as to London, proved successful in every respect, and on February 27th, the *Selandia* arrived in London and was anchored at the West India Docks. Naturally, the boat created a legitimate sensation as the first large sea-going motor ship. It was at the time of the great coal strike in England, and the sudden appearance of a great freight carrier, designed for trans-oceanic travel, and entirely independent of the dreaded strike, was hailed as a good omen for the future, and a possible solution of the coal problem.

During the passage up the Thames the *Selandia* was often hailed by sympathetic skippers with offers of assistance, for none had ever before seen a great ship without a smokestack, and they thought that it must be the victim of some mishap.

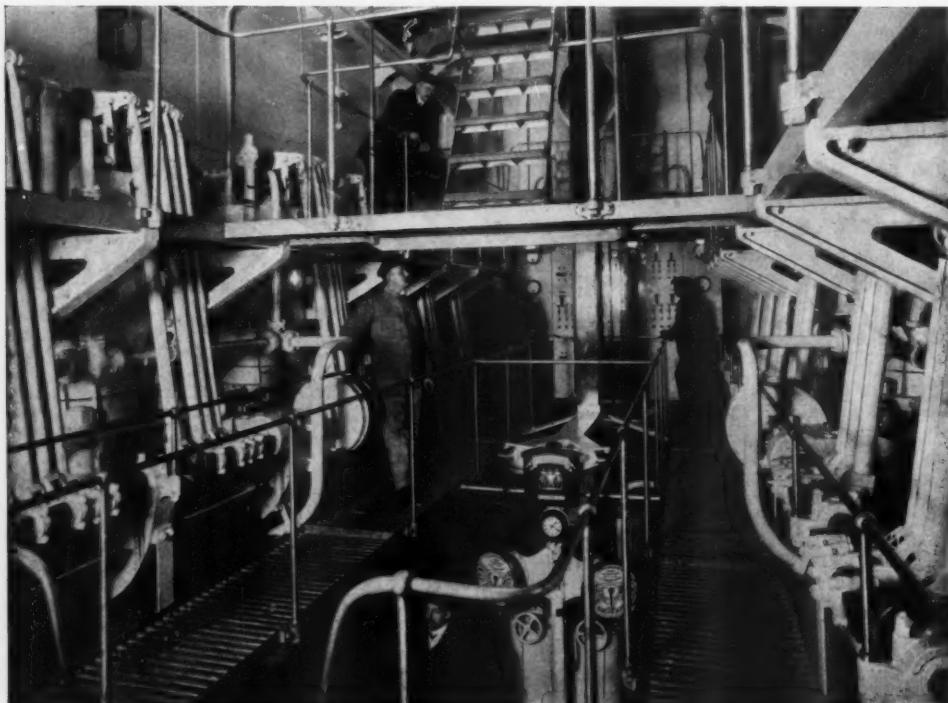
While the *Selandia* lay at the West India Docks, a great number of the most influential men in shipping circles, came on board. The English Minister of Marine, Winston Churchill, accompanied by



**IVAR KNUDSEN**

several admirals, inspected the ship and expressed his most unqualified praise; in his congratulations he declared that Englishmen remembered the stamp which the Vikings had set upon England, and were thankful for the new lesson now taught the British Isles by Denmark.

After having lain some days at the West India Docks and taken on a cargo, the *Selandia* sailed for Antwerp, carrying over the guests mentioned above, together with Earl Grey, formerly Minister for Canada, Sir Henry Oram, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet, and

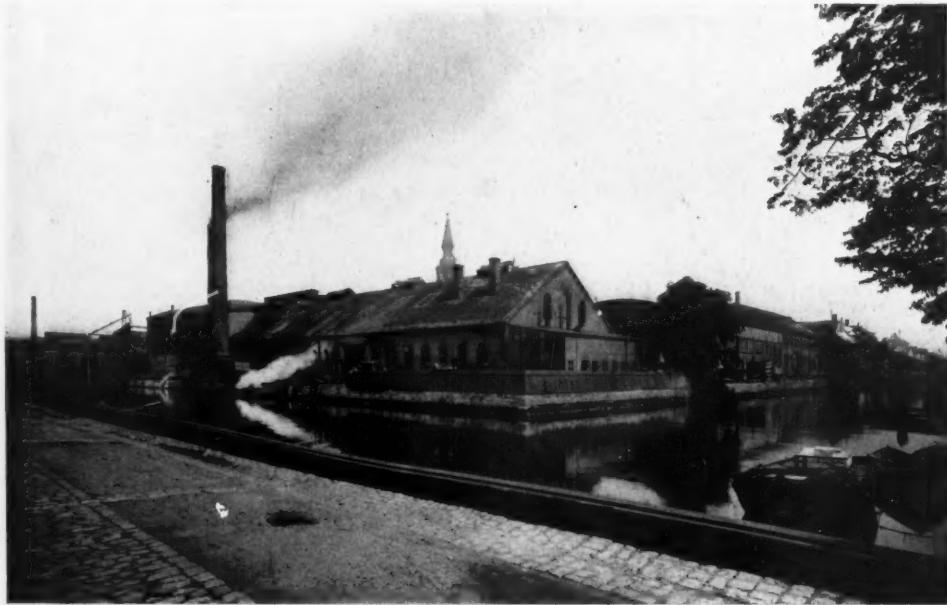


IN THE MACHINE ROOM OF THE "SELANDIA"

representatives of the English technical press. The journey to Antwerp proved auspicious, and a telegram was sent *en route* to the King of Denmark, in recognition of what had been accomplished. Earl Grey telegraphed: "On behalf of the English guests who at present find themselves under the Danish flag, on board the motor ship *Selandia*, Earl Grey takes the liberty most respectfully, to send your Majesty their congratulations on the significant progress in the domain of marine machinery made possible by the courage and enterprise of Etatsraad Andersen and the East Asiatic Company, once again giving proof of the genius of the Danish nation." From the King there arrived a telegram of thanks in reply. Likewise

Earl Grey sent a telegram to King George, communicating the great achievement; throughout the journey the *Selandia* had been under complete control. Arriving at Antwerp, the English guests returned to London, while the *Selandia* continued her voyage to the east.

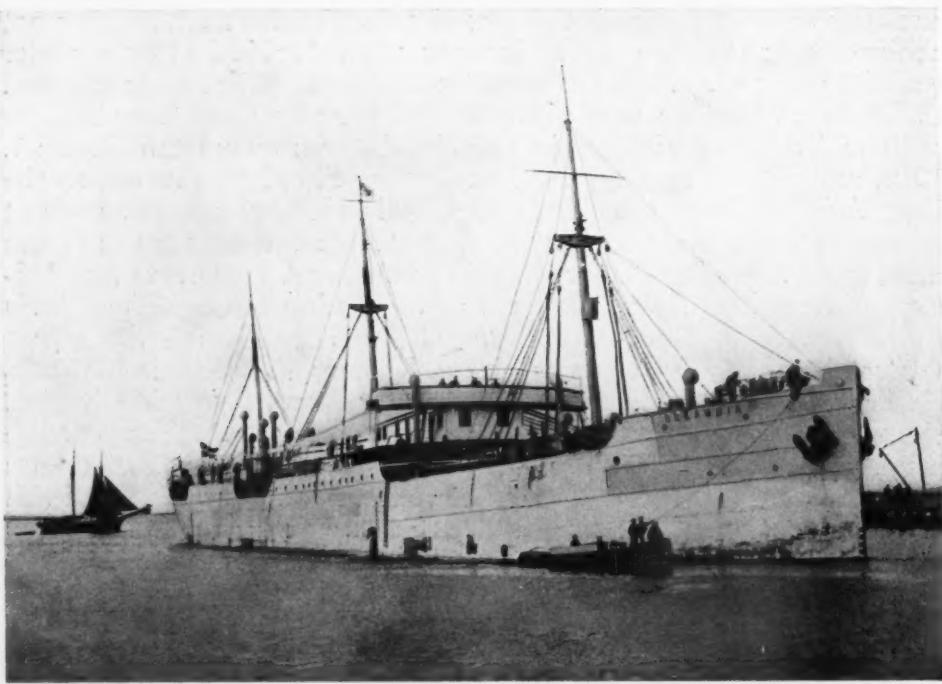
The *Selandia*'s sister ship the *Fonia*, was completed June 20, 1912, and after a successful trial trip, was likewise delivered to the East Asiatic Company. As just at this time, there was a great regatta in Kiel, Etatsraad Andersen resolved, like the man of action he is, to go to Kiel and show the ship to the great gathering of yachtsmen and maritime experts who would assemble there. The *Fonia*



THE HOME OF THE DIESEL MOTOR SHIP—THE SHOPS OF BURMEISTER & WAIN IN COPENHAGEN

arrived at the Bay of Kiel, June 23, and created a tremendous sensation. Director Ballin, chief of the Hamburg American Line, came on board and was so much impressed that negotiations were completed on the spot for the sale of the boat to the German company. At a celebration on board the ship the following day, in which 250 of the guests on the *Königin Louise* participated, the *Fonia* passed into German hands, at the same time being christened in honor of Denmark, after the new Danish King *Christian X*.

The next day Emperor Wilhelm, who was at the regatta, announced that he wished to see the ship and came on board at the head of a large staff of admirals and technical experts to inspect the whole installation. The emperor expressed his most unqualified

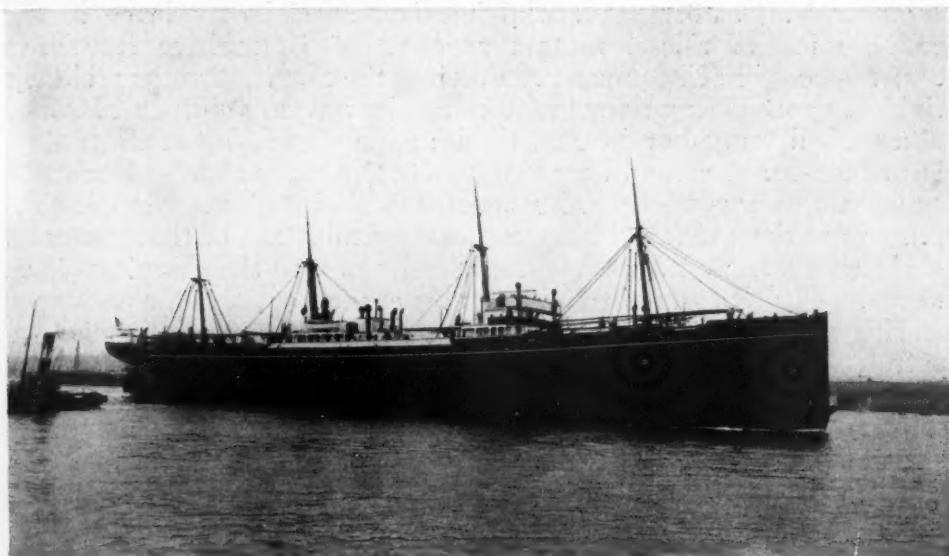


THE "SELANDIA," THE FIRST DIESEL MOTOR SHIP, AS SHE APPEARED IN THE HARBOR OF AARHUS AFTER HER FIRST VOYAGE TO SIAM

recognition of what had been accomplished, as manifested by the telegram sent to the King of Denmark: "I am on board the *Fionia* and hasten to send you my congratulations on the remarkable work of the Danish technologists. The ship indicates an entirely new chapter in shipbuilding which deserves admiration. The engineers of Denmark may justly claim the fame of having taken the first practical step on the new path and have become teachers to all."

With the emperor on board, the *Christian X* sailed out of the Bay of Kiel in order to let him see how the machinery operated, and, just then, the twin ship *Selandia* suddenly appeared, having accomplished its first voyage to Bangkok. This was regarded by all as a happy omen, and judging from the good luck which has followed the ship since that time, the omen has held. The *Christian X* went, a few days later, with a German party around Skagen to Hamburg. Since then the boat has been in regular service between Hamburg and Santos in Brazil, though it is destined later for traffic between North and South America.

The good results attained by these ships, induced the Asiatic Company to give Burmeister & Wain an order for two still larger boats with a capacity of 7,600 tons each, length of 410 feet and 3,000 horse-power, and still another boat to take the place of the *Fionia*.



THE "ANNAH" BUILT FOR THE EAST ASIATIC SERVICE. ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST  
MOTOR SHIPS AFLOAT

which was sold to Germany, though with somewhat larger dimensions and of 4,000 horse-power. Later, four more boats were ordered of 9,600 tons capacity and 3,000 horse-power machinery. In addition, the Swedish Steamship Company, "Nordstjernan," whose managing owner is Consul-General A. Johnson, ordered six ships with a capacity of 6,600 tons and a machinery of 2,000 horse-power. The first of these, the *Suecia*, has already made two trips between Stockholm and Buenos Ayres, while the second, the *Pedro Christoffersen*, named after the Norwegian consul at Buenos Ayres, was delivered on August 1, 1913. A boat of 2,600 horse-power capacity of 7,200 tons, the *California*, is also under construction for the United Steamship Company of Denmark, destined for Danish-American trade.

Of the two boats of 9,600 tons capacity, ordered by the East Asiatic Company after the *Selandia* and the *Fonia* had shown themselves so satisfactory, the *Siam* has just returned from her first journey to Japan, while the second, the *Annam*, is in eastern waters on the same journey; these two are the largest motor ships afloat.

After it became generally known that such success had attended the construction of motor ships by the house of Burmeister & Wain, a company was formed in England, the Atlas Mercantile Company, Limited, which has taken over the rights to Burmeister & Wain's patents and constructions outside of Denmark, and on this initiative a large factory has been erected in Glasgow, the Burmeister & Wain (Diesel System) Oil Engine Company, Limited, for the manufacture exclusively of Diesel motors. The manager is a Dane, former chief

engineer O. E. Jörgensen, who has had special experience in the construction of Diesel motors as head of Burmeister & Wain's drafting room in Copenhagen. Further, the Danish firm has sold the right of constructing Diesel motors in Norway to the firm of Akers Mechanical Workshop in Christiania; for Holland, to the Rotterdam Droogdok-Maatschappij, for Belgium, to the house of John Cockerill; while at the present time, Burmeister & Wain are negotiating with firms in various cities of Europe for the utilization of these patents.

What ultimate future has the Diesel motor in the shipping of the world? For all sorts of freight as now carried on, and for passenger service where excessive speed is not required, the ship propelled by petroleum is more economical and in many ways more satisfactory than the vessel driven by steam. More than 95 per cent. of all ships now afloat, have less than 3,000 horse-power, while new vessels can be fitted with Diesel motors of at least 5,000 horse-power. From this it may readily be seen how small a percentage of ships, taking the present average as a standard, will be barred by their size from employing the new motor.

The accessibility of oil and the length of the voyage will be the two determining factors in the choice between the Diesel motor and the steam engine. Naturally, it is of the utmost importance to the Diesel motor boat that its fuel supply should be within reach, and countries where oil is abundant and easy to get at, will therefore, find its use especially advantageous.

The Diesel ships are able to go a longer distance with a smaller quantity of fuel than the coal-burning craft, and for this reason they have a great advantage in a long voyage. The *Selandia* on its trip from Copenhagen to Bangkok and back again, consumed only 800 tons of oil; the *Suecia* finished its trip from Gothenburg to Buenos Ayres and back again with only 500 tons of oil, while a coal-burning boat of the same capacity would have used at least 2,000 tons in a voyage of the same length. It is only necessary to point to the great saving in cubic and dead weight, amounting to at least a thousand tons of cargo each way, in order to make clear the enormous advantage of the motor boat. In addition, the actual outlay for fuel is much smaller. True, the initial expense of equipment is somewhat greater; the *Pedro Christophersen*, launched last July, may have cost about \$30,000 more than a steam-boat of the same size, but this sum is small compared to the saving in space and coal bills.

Whether the Diesel engine will gain admittance to ships requiring great horse-power, such as fast mail boats and battle-ships, is a question for the future. If it can be adapted to their use, it will prove of immense value; its introduction will reduce the number of men needed in the engine room and will eliminate the great funnels with their clouds of black smoke.

## Waldemar Nielsen's Homecoming

By NINA, COUNTESS RABEN-LEVETZAU

WALDEMAR NIELSEN had come back from America; he had found his way through the snow-covered fields to his old birth-place. They were all well. His mother, yes, ah, *she* had been pleased to see him; his father—the country postman—had just looked up, nodded and said, “Naa, my boy, are you back again?”—and had gone on eating his evening meal as if seeing his son after an absence of eight years were not an event; but later, when Waldemar began relating his adventures, he let his pipe go out and listened with interest to all that his newly returned son had to tell.

Waldemar had much to tell—how he had gone with some other Danes to a little colony of compatriots in Iowa, had stayed there and had helped them for some time. He left them and had gone farther off. Then he had had the great luck to fall in with some Americans. It was then he began to feel how helpless he was speaking only Danish, but by always “being on the spot,” and helpful and “being quick about it,” he soon discovered that talking was not so necessary.

He was called “Walter Mar,” Nielsen never coming into consideration. Later they dropped even “Walter.” There was only time for “Mar.” Two years he stayed with these good people and earned fair wages, but he began to long for something by which he should be more independent and earn more money; so he wandered off to a little town in Nebraska, called Flatbank. He arrived there just as the old milkman died from having been thrown off his cart and trampled on by his horse. Here was Waldemar’s chance. Those who might have proposed to drive were old men and rather afraid of “Moses,” as the old horse with the blind eye was called; so Waldemar offered to begin with low wages, and finally, he secured the whole business. He became “Mar,” the milkman of Flatbank.

Urged by his inborn love for farming, he began to buy sick calves. He nursed them back to life, often sitting up all night with a bad case, or even taking them to bed with him; his little kitchen was a hospital. Soon Moses’ stable became too small, as the calves grew bigger. The calves, as Waldemar expected, became cows, and Waldemar began selling his own milk; then he skimmed off the cream and made butter. His butter became famous. Orders from the other settlements came pouring in. Passing Danes were engaged by him to help in the milking. He bought land—much land—around the cow-stable, and then built himself a dwelling-house with a large and low veranda where he could sit and watch his cattle grazing.

He was a prosperous man, but the longing to see his folk and the old country crept over him, and at last the time had come when he could proudly fetch his faithful sweetheart to his new home. So he decided to cross over on the *Hellig Olav* which would sail just in time to bring him home for Christmas Eve. He would get married in the Spring, and then Karen and he would start their new life.

When Waldemar came to this point, he saw that his mother was weeping for joy. His father rose and gripped his hand. His little sisters and brothers were speechless with admiration as he stood there in the low-ceilinged room with his blond head well thrown back, his clean shaven face all aglow, his large blue eyes glittering. Any mother or father would have been proud of such a son.

"Yes, she has been faithful to you, that she has—Karen Mortensen—she has never looked at any other man since you left eight years ago," said his mother proudly.

Waldemar blushed. He wore a very low, wide flannel collar, and the red flush could be seen all over his strong brown throat, mounting to the roots of his long yellow hair.

"How is it," said the mother, "that you have never been photographed all these years, so we could see how you have changed?"

"Have changed? How? In what way?"

"Well, you look like none of us over here; it must be American," the mother answered shyly.

"Do you think so, too, father?"

"Yes my boy, you look different, but I can't tell you what it is. I'm no good at that, but"—hesitatingly—"you look foreign."

"Hurrah! all the better. If I'm not like the other fellows around here, Karen will love me all the more." And as he tossed his head back, the parting in his long straight hair became disordered. Never had there been such a glorious Christmas Eve. Joyfully did Waldemar distribute to them all his presents; he proudly showed them the gifts he had for Karen—a ring, a large gold locket with "Good Luck" written on it, a blue sash with big horseshoes embroidered in blue silk—and when at last, tired out, he slept, he held in his hand Karen's photograph, taken three months ago.

The next morning he started out, a little late, for he had taken pains with his appearance, and he felt that he looked well. In some places the snow was very deep, but his feet were shod in real American shoes with round toes and large bows and very broad soles, so he minded nothing. He wore the most open of his flannel shirts, the blue collar ending in a tassel, and his Norfolk jacket with a pronounced broad belt. His cap had a very large rim, but it fitted well over his yellow hair; much care had been given to the part in the middle, and he had used plenty of water to keep it there in its place.

As he came nearer and nearer to Karen's house, his heart beat faster and faster; how well he remembered that spot where he and she had kissed goodbye! How fervently she had promised to wait for him until he came to fetch her. Well, she had remained faithful, and here he was with a home to offer her. He thought of those large golden letters over there in Flatbank:

WALDEMAR NIELSEN'S

DAIRY FARM

FRESH DANISH BUTTER EVERY DAY

FLATBANK—NEBRASKA

A girl was pulling up the pole that held the pail of water at the bottom of the well; it was Karen.

"Karen, Karen," he called. She gave a scream and let go the pail; a look of bewilderment came over her face. "Karen, it is Waldemar!"

She had fled into the house; he ran after her, tried to take her in his arms; she warded him off.

"Why did you never send me a photograph?" she said looking at him with big frightened eyes. "I feel as if you were a stranger; you are so changed!"

Poor Waldemar groaned, and his arms dropped discouraged to his sides.

"That is what I hear constantly since I have come home!"

The young girl moved away from him.

"Then you have not been faithful to me; you do not love me any more!" he moaned, and covered his face with his hands. She answered him solemnly, "I have been faithful to the Waldemar who left me eight years ago; but you are a new Waldemar with different clothes and ways. I can not marry you, you do not belong to us any more."

She looked at him once more, at his shaven face, at his fair, flatly brushed hair parted in the middle, at his low and open blue flannel collar with the tassel. She took him in, down to the broad "walkovers." When her eyes met the despairing look in his tearful blue eyes, she hesitated a moment.

"I can change all that, the clothes—I mean." He had seen that hesitation, and a glimmer of hope rose in him. He stepped toward her. "Oh, Karen! I love you so."

"No-no-no!" she cried, and with a long shudder, she turned away and walked out of the room.



DANISH CASTLES.—I.  
ROSENborg

## Rosenborg

*A stately garden, pent in city walls,  
Frames this old castle, where he laid his head,—  
Christian the Fourth, who well his people led!—  
Here in this room his spirit wakes and calls;  
He built this royal palace,—marble halls  
Grew at his touch; the men of war he wed  
To maids of peace; his ancient doublet red  
And battle-smoked his prowess still recalls.*

*Now he is gone, and nothing's left unchanged;  
This castle is a shell for by-gone things,  
The meeting place of eager, curious crowds,—  
Even the rose trees, once so primly ranged,  
Bear modern blooms,—a newer fountain flings  
Stars to the sun beneath the changing clouds!*

—Maurice Francis Egan.

# The St. Olaf Singers in Norway

By PAUL G. SCHMIDT

THE initial steps for the visit of the St. Olaf Student Singers to Norway in 1913 were taken by Prof. J. Jørgen Thompson. He had been for years a member of the Choir; while studying in Christiania with a scholarship from the United Church, he missed the chorus singing in the churches to which he had been accustomed and conceived the idea that the St. Olaf Choir should make a concert tour to Norway. Financial backing was secured from men who knew the work of the Choir at home, and practice began under the leadership of the Director, Prof. F. Melius Christiansen. A repertoire consisting chiefly of chorals and religious songs was selected. The Choir was limited to fifty voices.

In the spring of 1913 Professor Thompson sailed for Norway to make the business arrangements. He was most courteously received by the Department of Church and Education, and the Honorable L. S. Swenson, then American minister to Norway, rendered him invaluable service. The coast steamer *Lyra* was chartered for the trip from Trondhjem, and an itinerary was arranged, including thirty-two concerts in Norway, two in Sweden, and one in Denmark.

The Choir left Northfield on June 13. Ten concerts were given on the way, the last being in Brooklyn, before embarking on the *Kristianiafjord*. When the stately ship sailed on her maiden voyage eastward across the Atlantic, on June 24, thousands of hearts here and at home beat in unison—mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters and friends, anxious for the welfare and success of this company of boys and girls, venturing across the sea to visit the land of their fathers and bring its people a greeting in song.

It was an expectant company that stood on the forward deck of the *Kristianiafjord* on the evening of July 3, straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the land about which they had heard so much. Unfortunately a dense fog hid the weather-beaten shore, but early in the morning the passengers awoke to the sight of quaint, old, beautiful Bergen, spread out among the rugged hills, all bathed in sunshine, the piers full of multitudes that had gathered to see the young Norwegian Americans.

It was no ordinary applause that greeted the Choir at its first concert, given that night in "Logen" to an audience as large as the moderately sized hall could accommodate. It was a hearty outburst of pleasure in the song and of welcome to the visitors, continuing after the close of the programme, until the Choir appeared again and responded with additional songs. After the concert the singers were the guests of the Anglo-American Club.



REHEARSING ON THE OUTWARD VOYAGE

When the ship reached Christiania, though the hour was eight in the morning, a chorus of over three hundred voices waited on the pier to welcome the visitors with song. Beyond them a large mass of people had gathered. There was no doubt of the reception of the St. Olaf Choir in Norway!

Long before the hour set for the beginning of the concert in the University "Aula," thousands of people gathered in the streets, unable to get into the hall, but anxious to secure even a glimpse of the singers. Precisely at eight o'clock their Majesties the King and Queen appeared and were escorted to their seats by the President of the Choir. When the royal pair reached their places, the Choir intoned *Gud sign vor konge god*. The effect was thrilling. Not only was it a surprise to most people that the young singers from America used the Norwegian language, but that they should sing *Kongesangen* with such enthusiasm was absolutely astonishing. The press reports were very favorable, and among them it was pleasing to read the comment of Mr. Johannes Haarklow in *Morgenbladet*:

"If any in the audience had come with the intention of displaying an overbearing spirit toward these brethren, they soon changed their minds. It may just as well be confessed at once; in old Norway there cannot be found a choir that even approximately measures up to this one composed of Norwegian students from Minnesota, and this reflects very little credit on us."

The short stay in Christiania was a succession of festivities.

Minister L. S. Swenson and his daughter entertained at their residence and presented the choir to a large gathering of distinguished Norwegians. The United Choirs of Christiania, together with the Student Singers and Nordmandsforbundet, arranged a splendid banquet at Holmenkollen. Rev. N. B. Tvedt presided and introduced the following speakers: Minister of Church and Education Bryggesaa, President of the Storting Lövland, Dr. Otto Jensen and Rev. Birger Hall speaking on behalf of the Christiania Pastoral Conference, Professor H. Gran on behalf of the University of Christiania, Dr. Louise Isachsen for the Ladies' Student Singers, Dr. H. Gade for



GOING ASHORE AT MOLDE

Nordmandsforbundet, Mr. C. Winterhjelm for the Student Singers, Mr. C. J. Hambro, editor of *Morgenbladet*, and Minister L. S. Swenson. Rev. T. H. Haugan and Paul G. Schmidt responded on behalf of the St. Olaf singers. On the following day Director Christiansen, Mr. Haugan, Professor Thompson and the president of the Choir were received in audience by his Majesty King Haakon, whom they found very congenial and democratic.

After concerts given to capacity audiences in a large church of Drammen and in "Vor Frelsers Kirke" in Christiania, the Choir began their journey through a country rich in beautiful landscapes, stopping to sing in Fagernæs, Gjøvik, Hamar and Lillehammer. With this, the first lap of the journey was successfully accomplished, and it was "all aboard" for Trondhjem. It seemed as though the

whole country knew the schedule of the Choir, for at every station crowds gathered. Wherever the stop was of sufficient duration, the Choir stepped out and sang to the assembled people.

Trondhjem was not reached until midnight, and as it was raining, the Choir naturally did not expect the usual crowd at the station. But what was their surprise to find the large depot and the platform and even the streets packed with people. It was estimated that fully six or seven thousand persons had gathered there. A large male chorus greeted the visitors with songs of welcome. Two concerts were given in the Cathedral of historic Drontheim, and on both occasions the house was sold out. After the second concert, a reception and banquet was given by the Anglo-American Club. At a late hour the party broke up and the members of the Choir wended their way to the docks and boarded the steamer *Lyra* for the trip down the coast.

All the St. Olaf students will bear in fond remembrance the delightful days spent on board this comfortable boat, drinking their fill of the wonderful scenery, sometimes stopping to climb the mountains, fish in the fjord or visit the peasant people. Probably the largest gathering that greeted the Choir on the whole trip was that at Haugesund, where tickets to the church holding 1,800 people were sold out, and the Choir finally had to give a free open-air concert from the deck of the *Lyra*.

The third concert in Christiania was given in "Calmeyergadens Bedehus," and was attended by fully 3,000 people. After an excursion to the historic Eidsvold the trip southward began, and the last concert in Norway was held in Fredrikshald. This day being the birthday of the King, a congratulatory message was sent him, to which the following reply was received:

"I thank the Norwegian American singers most heartily for their visit, and wish them a safe return."

The *Hellig Olav*, of the Scandinavian-America Line, leaving Copenhagen on August 7, brought most of the singers home, a few remaining behind to visit relatives and friends or to travel or study in Europe.



Photograph by Borg Mesch

THE NEW CHURCH AT KIRUNA

## Lapland—Sweden's America

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

*Rise my clang to the sun, to the northern lights my tiding,  
Waken the dreaming fells, the moors in slumber deep;  
Bless the laboring fields, their fruitfulness abiding,  
Consecrate at last to the peace of eternal sleep.*

—Translated from Albert Engström's inscription on the great church bell in Kiruna.

THE House of God at Kiruna dedicated last December marks the transition of the old Lapland into the new. Its fresh red shingles rise like a pillar of flame over the growing city, a hundred miles above the Polar Circle. Its noble outlines inspire reverence for art and for religion in the hearts of the Finnish miners toiling on the slopes of the great iron mountain across the lake; they awaken memories of home in the minds of the Swedish guards on the ore trains thundering past to the Norwegian coast; while its belfry, visible far out over the desolate tableland, serves as a beacon to the homeless Lapps following their herds of reindeer, carefully avoiding

the mining town in their migrations by swinging past in a great circle. In its design this curious church follows the plan of a Lappish *kåta* or wigwam, and the Lapps, although they have no architecture, recognize in the design of Gustaf Wickman, the architect, and the sculptures of Christian Eriksson, an incarnation of their structural traditions.

This attempt to create a Lappish architecture is an instance of the sincere efforts of the Swedes to win the sympathy of the shy, primitive people, whose last retreat they are now invading. For with the Swedes, unlike the Americans, the astonishing technical development of the past two decades is accompanied by an anxious desire to preserve what is good in the old traditions. Thus it has come to pass that in some rural communities the introduction of the telephone has been accompanied by a revival of quaint national dress. And in Lapland, a place of contrast startling enough to delight even the American tourist, one sees a truce and harmony between the old and the new.

This new industrial Lapland has three centers, less than half a day's journey apart—Gellivare, Porjus and Kiruna. Gellivare and Kiruna have each a mountain of iron. Gellivare was opened up to



Photograph by Borg Mesch  
"THE SLOW-MINDED PROPHETS OF THE MOUNTAINS"



Photograph by H. G. Leach

"TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE POLAR CIRCLE"

the world in 1888, when the first ore train rolled south to the port of Luleå on the Gulf of Bothnia. In 1902 Kiruna was connected by rail with Narvik, north on the coast of Norway. Porjus, the third center, is a waterfall near Gellivare, which a city of workingmen are now harnessing to supply electrical power for practically all the industrial operations of Lapland.

Since 1903, to cross Lapland, and reach the port of Narvik, requires only two nights and a day from Stockholm by the famous Lapland Express. A French author has described this *Grand Express de Laponie* as a bejeweled phantom of luxurious content hurrying across the bleak steppes through the mysterious Northern night. The *Grand Express de Laponie* runs only three times a week and pulls into Gellivare at 2 A.M.—an hour which appeals more agreeably to the imagination of a Frenchman than to an American. When I visited Lapland last summer I happened to arrive on an off day, and therefore traveled with the miners up from Boden on the Lule River, where I had spent the previous evening in the bright summer night, admiring the frowning defences which Sweden is erecting to give her miners and investors confidence against the menace of the Russian Bear; for the purposes of war the expense may be unwarranted, but for the industrial development of Lapland it is an economic necessity.

*En route* from Boden to Gellivare I enjoyed the novel experience of taking a photograph of the Polar Circle—a station of that name near the actual line—and arriving at Gellivare, was delighted at finding on the platform a full-blooded Lapp awaiting the arrival of the train; in gender he was masculine, by name Lars Pilto, by profession a traveling salesman, whose wares consisted of various articles made from the hide and bones of the reindeer. Though not interested in the bone paper cutter which he pulled out of his capacious bag, I was anxious to obtain a portrait of this gentleman, and bought a hunting knife by way of establishing amicable relations. When I

saw that his philosophic smile had reached from ear to ear, I ventured the request in my broken Swedish: "May I take the Lapp's picture?"

"If you please," the dwarf replied, without relaxing an inch of his smile, "but money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five öre," he replied. I gave Mr. Lars Pilto his six and a half cents, and he generously posed for his photograph, not one film only, but three other films for which he had not bargained.

The power station at Porjus is two hours from Gellivare and its iron mountain. It is the aim of the Swedish government to add another to the long list of technical demonstrations which Sweden has given the world, by being the first nation to electrify all its railroads. Electrification is profitable only where the traffic is heavy, and the experiment, therefore, is to be tried out first on the most heavily used strip of railroad in Sweden, the 129 kilometers from Kiruna to the Border, with its freightage of 12,000 tons of ore a day. At Porjus it is the expectation of the government to harness the great waterfalls of the Lule River with dam, tunnel and turbine, and have ready by January 1, 1915, 50,000 horse-power, necessary to generate a current of 80,000 volts, which is to be carried on poles across the wastes of Lapland to Kiruna and Gellivare to operate both mines and trains. If the experiment succeeds, 250,000 additional horse-power at Porjus and a little lower down the river, can be utilized to extend the electrification of the railroad from Gellivare southeast to the Bothnian Gulf.

The construction at Porjus under Engineer Granholm proceeds in magnitude and with a precision suggesting comparison with the



Photograph by H. G. Leach

"A LAPP AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN"



*Photograph by Borg Mesch*

"KIRUNA—SLOPING LIKE NAPLES TO THE BAY"

Panama Canal. At Panama, however, the engineers have had to overcome the drawbacks of a tropical climate; at Porjus, the intense cold and Stygian darkness of winter, shadowless nights and the mosquitoes of summer. The darkness is dissipated by spreading a perpetual halo of electric light above the great dam and the City of Workmen—so, too, far away across the tableland, the iron mountain of Kirunavara is suffused with electricity; the cold is dispelled by running heated rocks through the back water of the dam and by heating shelters for the workingmen. One enemy Panama and Porjus have in common—the mosquito. At Panama the enemy has been practically annihilated; in Porjus the Swedish engineers simply endure, though not, I take it, in silence, the pest which drives the hardy reindeer high up to seek the line of perpetual snow.

Porjus will be the subject of a special story, which my obliging host at the Engineers' Mess, Mr. Gunnar Dahlbeck, has promised to write some day for the REVIEW.

Kiruna, however, the northernmost center of the Swedish iron fields, is the greatest industrial marvel of Lapland. In 1885 the region had not a single house; today it is a mining city of more than 10,000 inhabitants. It boasts of moving picture shows and a Salva-



Photograph by L. Wästfelt

"PORJUS—TO SUPPLY ELECTRICAL POWER FOR LAPLAND"

tion Army. Its tram line, the most northern "trolley" in the world, collects 532,442 fares a year. The town fringes in a half-moon the eastern shores of Lake Luossajärvi, sloping like Naples to the Bay, while the iron mountain of Luossavara behind it adds a Vesuvius to the comparison. Luossavara is the property of the Swedish nation. The nation also owns an interest in the loftier iron mountain of Kirunavara, on the opposite side of the lake, a mighty hill of iron, estimated to hold 740,000,000 tons of ore, containing often as high as 70 per cent. pure metal. The workmen of Kirunavara are said to be the highest paid miners anywhere east of the Alleghanies, and though the work is in its infancy, the mines are beginning to yield the Kirunavaara-Luossavaara Company 3,000,000 tons a year.

Behind all these operations is one directing mind. He sits at the end of a network of telephones—the Swedish service is the clearest and quickest in the world—either in his official residence at Kiruna or two days south in Stockholm in the headquarters of the vast Grängesberg Traffic Company, of which the companies that operate in Lapland are only subsidiaries—and yet you will find Swedish financiers who tell you that Sweden has no "trusts." His name is Hjalmar Lundbohm and he is addressed as "Doctor" or "Manager"—*Disponent*—of Kiruna.

If you picture *Disponent* Lundbohm merely as a geologist with marvelous administrative powers, you are far short in your estimate



Photograph by H. G. Leach  
"HJALMAR LUNDBOHM, DISPONENT OF KIRUNA"

summer vacations. Youngsters of ten and twelve impress themselves voluntarily into the public service in section gangs to transform rocky paths into highways and to grade neat little lawns in front of the cottages. They receive a small payment for the day's fun, and I have never known boys do anything resembling work with such vim and rivalry as these youngsters handle their pickaxes and push their wheelbarrows loaded with stones, at least not outside the pages of "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn."

The mining company that operates Kirunavara is constantly striving, under Dr. Lundbohm's direction, to aid and educate the community. It makes loans to builders up to three-fourths the value of their properties. It provides excellent schools and libraries. A few years ago an art exhibit was held in Kiruna, and last December the new Lutheran church was dedicated. Here a painting by Prince Eugen, above the church altar, contributes to the sense of Divine Presence. This painting, a quiet landscape bathed in bright sunshine, breathing the spirit of the Twenty-third Psalm and devoid of all religious symbolism, brings the beholder, as does all true art, "into touch with the harmony which is the base of the Universe." "He leadeth me beside still waters."

The exterior of *Dispontent* Lundbohm's residence at Kiruna has the appearance of a collection of disconnected barracks; the interior, by way of contrast, is a succession of galleries of pictures and sculpture. Prince Eugen, Zorn, Carl Larsson, Wilhelmson, Jansson, most of whom have been the guests of the hospitable *Dispontent*, have

of his wonderfully sympathetic personality; for Dr. Lundbohm is a patron of the fine arts, an art critic of no mean ability, and a civic and social reformer and educator in the broad sense.

Among the model institutions which *Dispontent* Lundbohm has established in Kiruna is an out-of-doors "school" for the small boys of the town during the

added to his store of treasures. The painting reproduced on the cover of this REVIEW, entitled "Kings Karin," is by Zorn, and adorns Dr. Lundbohm's study.

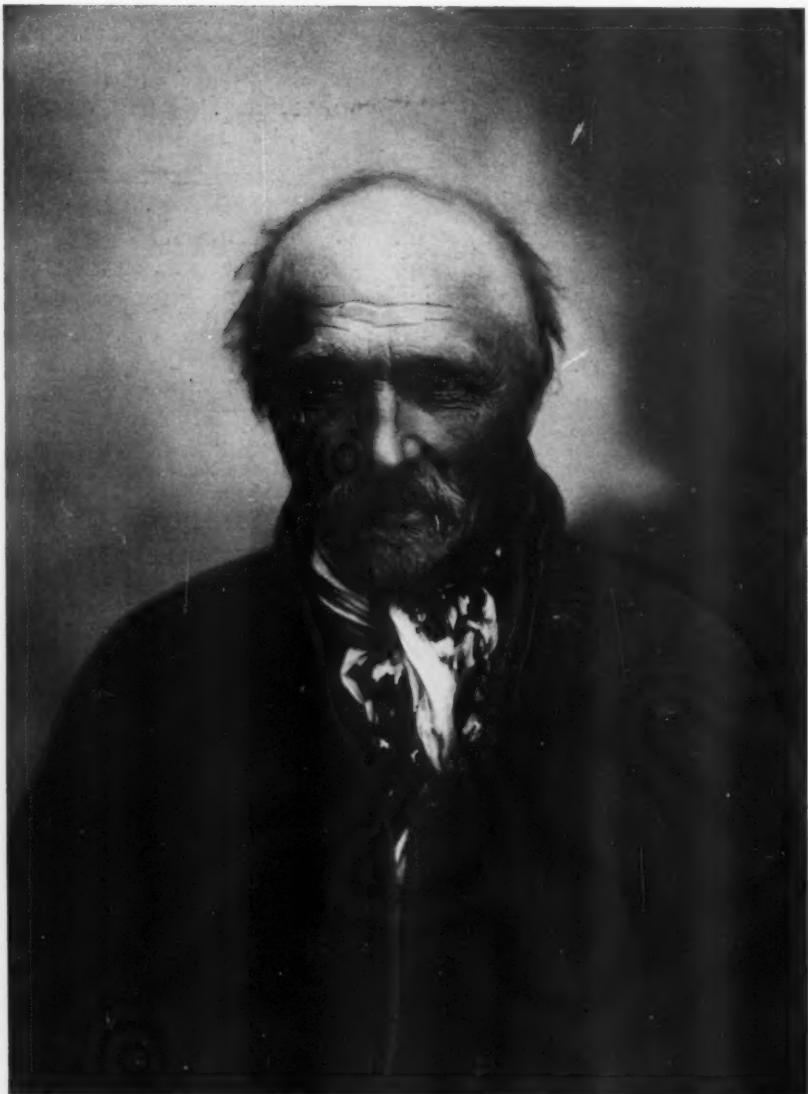
It was in this room, in a corner by Eriksson's fireplace, among idols and curios of the Lapps, that I enjoyed the distinguished pleasure of meeting the Lapp philosopher, Mr. John Turi, author and wolf slayer. Mr. Turi had not come to dinner in evening clothes —his yellow and red raiment gave a distinction and artistic tone to the otherwise conventional group of dinner guests. His features were characteristic of the Lapp—thin, tapering nose, narrow, pointed chin and scant beard. He had that mysterious smile, half politeness, half the repose of conscious superiority to the mad ways of our world. Every Lapp has the look of a wizard, but Mr. Turi is a seer, even among his own people.

When Dr. Lundbohm presented me, Mr. Turi was examining a large Italian work on Lapland, written, as I remember, two centuries ago. The Lappish author does not read Italian, but that does not deter him from criticisms of the illustrations, for he is an illustrator as well as an author, as you may see from the accompanying sketch of a Lapp settlement in winter, reproduced from his book on "The Life of the Lapps."

In conversation Mr. Turi said that the attempt across the Border in Norway to make farmers of the Lapps had proved a failure. The Swedish people, however, are helping the Lapps to continue their own nomadic way of life, sending sympathetic teachers to their wigwams, instead of compelling the children to come to conventional schools. The Swedish government realizes the economic value of the reindeer, both as a means of support for the Lapps and for their fur and meat, just as the United States, which has recently imported reindeer for the Eskimos in Alaska, with gratifying results.

Turi's "Life of the Lapps" was published two years ago, with the moral and financial support of Dr. Lundbohm. For a long time the great wolf slayer had meditated on this subject, but in the restlessness of his wandering life he had denied himself the repose of mind and body. At length the needed psychological stimulus was supplied by a Danish woman, Emilie Demant, herself a devoted student of the Lapps. In an abandoned miner's lodge by Lake Torneträsk she cooked and shared the author's meals and gently induced him to write on week after week, until he had expressed what had been treasured up all these years in his mind. Then she took the scraps of manuscript with her south to Copenhagen, translated them into Danish, and published both the Lappish original and her Danish translation in the same volume.

"Presumably it was half a century ago," says Emilie Demant, in her Danish introduction to this book, "that Turi was first swaddled



*Photograph by Borg Mesch*

**"JOHAN TURI, AUTHOR AND WOLF SLAYER"**



SKETCH OF A LAPP SETTLEMENT IN WINTER, REPRODUCED FROM TURI'S BOOK,  
"THE LIFE OF THE LAPPS"

in the skin of a reindeer calf; himself he does not know how many summers' suns nor how many winters' snowstorms have bitten and burned his face and set their marks on his soul. Johan Turi is a mountain Lapp; he has lived all his life as a nomad and traveled with the reindeer in the wilderness; but for him the reindeer was not the only consideration, as for most other Lapps. Turi has in him primeval hunter-blood. From the time he was a small urchin, the life and ways of wild animals have interested him. A few years ago he gave up herding animals and abandoned himself to his passion for fighting the reindeer's worst enemy, the wolf."

Turi says he has written the book to explain to the Swedes, representing the modern world, the point of view of the Lapps, which they themselves have never been able to make clear. The moment, says Turi in his book, that a Lapp finds himself shut within four walls, he loses self-possession. His mind refuses to act unless the wind is blowing about his head. But give him the mountains and his thoughts become clear; if there were an assembly place upon some high mountain where the Lapp could meet the Swede face to face, the Lapp could perhaps give a coherent account of himself.

The book is full of pathetic passages prophetic of the passing of the Lapps. Turi's friend, Dr. Lundbohm, however, is more optimis-

tic than Turi about their future. He feels that these mysterious dwarfs who have for several centuries been in contact with the Aryan races and persisted in their own manner of life, will continue to preserve their integrity; the Lapp is not a "mixer."

To the Lapps far and wide Dr. Lundbohm is a "Little Father," and the mention of his name evokes more than the usual Lappish smile. A Stockholmer recently visiting an aged Lapp in his wigwam or *kåta* stated that he brought greetings from *Disponent* Lundbohm. The Lapp enthusiastically exclaimed, "Lundbohm! Lundbohm! My papa! My papa!"

The gentleman from Stockholm wondered how Dr. Lundbohm could be the "papa" of the aged Lapp. The Lapp, however, cleared the mystery by adding, "Father of the Lapps! Father of the Lapps!"

The Finns also are not denied their share of attention from Dr. Lundbohm. Many of the Finns—unlike the Lapps—are employed in the mines. Though their language resembles the Lappish, both being members of the Finno-Ugrian group of tongues, the Finns belong to a different order of civilization and live in permanent houses. Dr. Lundbohm makes occasional visits to the old Finnish culture center at Jukkasjärvi, a few miles from Kiruna, to chat with the Finns on household subjects, and to buy dried reindeer flesh and woven rugs. On stated festival days each year it is at Jukkasjärvi that the Lapps of the province assemble for marketing and divine worship.

To the American who loves sharp contrasts Lapland has a never-failing appeal. In the background are the Lapps with their reindeer, the persistent barbarians, the slow-minded prophets of the mountains; in the foreground the hustling Swedish engineers, with their machines and constructions, harnessing to the chariot of economic progress the unfettered fastnesses of the North. But sharpest of all contrasts is the artistic repose of *Disponent* Lundbohm's study and the view which he sees from his window of the great iron mountain across the lake. In this soft-rugged study he hears three times a day the roar of the blasting on Kirunavara and all day long the thunder of ore trains, coming and departing, twelve long trains a day, each bearing its burden of a thousand tons of iron far into the north, past the shelter for tourists in the mountains at Abisko, past Lapp encampments on the shores of Lake Torneträsk, across the Border through snowsheds and dark tunnels that pierce the mountain wall of Norway, out to the ice-free port of Narvik, the northernmost railway terminal of the world, where a fleet of fifteen steamers lies waiting to carry the wealth of Sweden's America to southern markets across the sea.



*Photograph by V. O. Freeburg*

**"LAPP ENCAMPMENTS ON THE SHORES OF LAKE TORNETRASK"**



*Photograph by Borg Mesch*

**"THE LAPPS ASSEMBLE AT JUKKASJARVI"**

## Editorial

**The Review** With this Yule Number THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW begins its second year. A year ago the editors announced that their modest magazine would "grow in size and frequency in proportion to the growth of subscriptions and advertisements." With the present issue the REVIEW doubles its size and increases its circulation to five thousand copies. It contains more illustrations than formerly, including elaborate reproductions in color.

During 1914 the REVIEW will continue to appear every other month, six issues in all. In each number the center pages will be occupied by an illustration of one of Denmark's famous old castles. The coming March issue will be a HOME TO NORWAY number, containing an illustrated article by Herman Kr. Lehmkuhl about the great Norwegian Exposition opening in May, which will draw thousands of good Americans back to the home of their fathers. Similarly, the May issue will be a BALTIC number, describing the Exposition at Malmö in Sweden, where the four nations of the Baltic will join hands, Russia and Germany with Sweden and Denmark. Among the attractions promised for the July number is a new illustrated translation of the favorite Danish ballad on Queen Dagmar's Death; while the September number will chronicle the career of Bishop Hill and other notable achievements of the Swedes in America.

A glance at our title page will show that the REVIEW has increased its editorial staff by an advisory editor from each of the Scandinavian countries. Sweden is represented by the famous art critic, Mr. Carl G. Laurin, whose first service as advisory editor is the selection of the two beautiful pieces of color, the reproductions from Zorn and Liljefors, which decorate this Yule number. Denmark is represented by Mr. Harald Nielsen, the essayist, editor of the independent weekly, *Ugens Tilskuer*. In Norway the REVIEW has secured the advice of Mr. Christian Collin, Björnson's biographer, author of standard works on literary and social problems, one of the profoundest thinkers of the North. Mr. Hamilton Holt, of New York, will continue to represent America on the advisory board; the old-established weekly, the *Independent*, of which Mr. Holt is president and editor, has recently taken on a new and more attractive form and a renewed hold upon American life and thought.

The editors wish their readers a Merry Yule-tide indeed and ask for the continued co-operation of all good friends and true of the life and literature of the North.

**Associates of The Foundation** The Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at their meeting, November 1, passed a resolution reading in part: "Whereas there appears to be great need of a large international organization through which the American-Scandinavian Foundation can work more efficiently to promote widespread interest for Scandinavia in America and for America in Scandinavia, be it resolved, that the Board of Trustees invite all who sympathize with their work to become associates of the American-Scandinavian Foundation."

Regular associates of the Foundation will receive the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW and will have the privilege of buying the other publications of the Foundation at special rates, upon payment of a nominal membership fee of one dollar a year, though provision is made for those who wish to help the movement further to become sustaining, patron, or life associates. Scandinavian societies at home and abroad may associate with the Foundation unitedly. Already, the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Society have accepted the invitation of the Foundation, subject to the ratification of the members at their annual meeting.

This resolution has grown naturally out of the rapidly expanding work of the Foundation. Letters are constantly received from individuals and organizations inquiring how they can become associated with the Foundation, urging that the Foundation assume the position of an international center of Scandinavian interests for which it is fitted by the Royal patronage it enjoys, by its position in the city that links the old world with the new, and by its firm financial basis.

**Recognition of Northern Music** The Concert of Scandinavian Music given by the American-Scandinavian Society and arranged by a committee of the Society under the chairmanship of Dr. Johannes Hoving, in Carnegie Hall, October 26, was an event of scarcely less importance in the history of Scandinavian culture than the Art Exhibition of last year. For the first time in New York, Northern music was adequately presented to an audience composed largely of people not of Northern descent, and the eyes of music lovers were opened to the fact, as expressed by the *New York Press*, "that the musical literature of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is far richer than most of us realize." Among the numerous illuminating press notices, we quote from that of *Musical America*:

Carnegie Hall was the scene last Sunday afternoon of one of the most interesting concerts which the present season is likely to bring forth, when a program of Scandinavian music was given by the Scandinavian Male Chorus of New York and the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, Ole Windingstad conductor, with Julia Claussen, mezzo-soprano; Charlotte Lund, soprano; Gustaf Holmquist, basso, and Cornelius Rubner, pianist, as soloists.

The concert gained in individuality because of the high standard maintained

in the selection of the groups of songs which the three singers offered, most of them novelties to a New York audience, and the two orchestral pieces, which were also new.

For the singers there was great enthusiasm for Mme. Lund, who offered Lange-Müller's "En Engel," Sinding's "Sylvelin," Sigurd Lie's "Sne," Kjerulf's "Synnöve's Song," and Backer-Gröndahl's "Eventide," five songs which she interpreted with rare art, each in the spirit of the composer.

Mme. Claussen, who made her New York debut on this occasion, was heard in a cycle called "Dyvekes Sange," by Peter Arnold Heise, a Danish composer, established herself at once as an artist of the highest attainments. A glorious voice, produced with a freedom such as is not often heard, handled with that complete control which only the greatest are able to command, is her possession. In addition to all of this she has a dramatic sense which made vivid every inflection of the six songs. Her cry of despair at the close, "Jesu, Maria, Would I Were Dead!" was poignantly voiced and intensely gripping.

Mr. Holmquist, well-known in the Middle West, gave of his best in Södermann's "King Heimer and Aslög," Sjögren's "Evening Star," Stenhammar's "Sverge" and Peterson-Berger's "Autumn Song," displaying a voice of excellent quality, especially in the medium register. Professor Rubner, who is widely known as head of the department of music at Columbia University, outdid himself in the performance he gave of the familiar Grieg A Minor Concerto.

To Mr. Windingstad, who conducted both orchestra and chorus, must be given the highest praise. An energetic, young and gifted musician, he showed himself to be from the opening measures of the Overture "Helios," by August Carl Nielsen, now conductor at the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. This work and the fascinating "Midsommarvaka" (Midsummer Eve), by Hugo Alfvén, two novelties, proved to be so much finer than many of the new lesser Russian and German pieces which we have heard in recent years that it might be worth while for the conductors of our American orchestras to look at the works of contemporary Scandinavian orchestral composers occasionally.

Most potent, perhaps, in its immediate results was the work of the orchestra. The establishment of a permanent Scandinavian Symphony orchestra has long been a cherished plan of the conductor, Mr. Ole Windingstad. The concert demonstrated not only the possibilities of Scandinavian orchestral music and the presence in New York of splendid material for such an organization, but above all the high qualities as a musician and a director that fit Mr. Windingstad for the leadership of this movement toward the recognition of Northern music.

The expenses of the concert were as follows: Soloists, \$700; orchestra, \$810; expenses of Male Chorus, \$65; rent of Carnegie Hall, \$400; the services of a musical bureau, \$200; advertising, \$359.30; printing and miscellaneous, \$195.40; total expenses, \$2,729.70. The income was: Sale of tickets, \$2,338.35; donations, \$35; total income, \$2,373.35. These figures do not include expenses for music notes, flowers, receptions and other social events incident to the concert, which were defrayed by private subscription.

## Books

**Voices of To-morrow: Critical Studies of the New Spirit in Literature.**  
By Edwin Björkman. Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1913.

The sentence that left the deepest impression upon me in a recent perusal of Edwin Björkman's "Voices of To-morrow" was this: "Eternal disharmony is the price which must be paid for eternal progress." A whole philosophy of life is contained in that statement. Unrest is surely the word that best characterizes the dominant mood of most of the writers whom Mr. Björkman interprets. Strindberg, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Edith Wharton, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad and Robert Herrick—none of these, with the possible exception of Maeterlinck, suggests anything quiet or stationary. At the heart of all tugs the *Zeitgeist* summoning to fuller and freer expression.

They are contradictory—divided not only against one another, but against themselves. And so we find Strindberg, for instance, passing from mood to mood; fiercely misogynist, yet lover of woman; an individualist and a Socialist. Bergson is a similarly contradictory figure. Yet from writers such as Strindberg and Bergson have come great inspiration for us all. We feel in them and in their kind a passionate idealism, a passionate sincerity, and an impulse that puts truth ahead of all else. I feel this same impulse in Edwin Björkman and honor him for it.

There is one quality, however, that I think all the writers he describes have in common. They are all trying to extend the boundaries of life and thought. They all believe in freedom. They probably recognize that it will be a richly varied, and not a uniform freedom. They have given up the idea of enclosing existence under dogmas. They are willing to let life play free, even though liberty sometimes leads to disorder. It is this quality, perhaps, that chiefly entitles them to be called the true "Voices of To-morrow."

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

**The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.** From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf, translated and edited by Velma Swanston Howard. Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1913.

The story of the little boy who was changed to an elf and saw Sweden from the back of a goose was written by Miss Lagerlöf at the request of the National Teachers' Association as a reader for schools. She spent three years gathering the animal lore and the folk legends for the story that has become the best seller in Sweden, next after the Bible. Its popularity in America makes it possible for the publishers to present it a new holiday dress, with twenty-four full-page illustrations in color.

Mrs. Howard has revised her earlier translation, and, with the consent of the author, has elided some of the original that seemed of too exclusively local significance. Mrs. Howard's work illustrates the fact that the successful translator should have also some of the gift of the creative writer. She weighs the value of every word in the Swedish text, and when the meaning is clear in her mind, even to the finest shade, she writes her translation in such language that the writer's thought seems to have taken life in English.

The illustrations were made by Miss Frye at first merely as an expression of her pleasure in the book. They were acquired by the Houghton Memorial Library in Michigan, and used there to illustrate the reading in the children's study hour. In this way they came to the notice of the publishers, who at once bought the right to reproduce them in the present edition de luxe. H. A. L.

## STRINDBERG IN 1913

**Plays by August Strindberg.** Translated, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. Third Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913. \$1.50 net.

**The Red Room.** By August Strindberg. Authorized Translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. \$1.50 net.

**The Son of a Servant.** By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field, with an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. \$1.25 net.

**The Inferno.** By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. \$1.25 net.

**Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts** by August Strindberg. With an Introduction by Arthur Babillotte. Translated by Claud Field, M.A., New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. \$1.25 net.

**By the Open Sea.** By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1913. \$1.25.

**On the Seaboard: A Novel of the Baltic Islands.** From the Swedish of August Strindberg. Translated by Elizabeth Clarke Westergren. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company, 1913. \$1.25 net.

**In Midsummer Days, and Other Tales.** By August Strindberg. McBride, Nast & Co., 1913. \$1.25 net.

**August Strindberg: The Spirit of Revolt.** Studies and Impressions by L. Lind-af-Hageby. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1913. With twenty-eight illustrations in half-tone. \$1.50 net.

Does Björkman intend to give us a complete set of Strindberg's plays in the fine series that Scribner's have been adding to steadily since the first volume early in 1912? There is no reason why Mr. Björkman's set should not ultimately be as full and as noteworthy as the thirty volumes of Strindberg that Emil Schering has done into German. The third series, which is now before me, is particularly interesting, because it gives us material from three distinct decades of Strindberg's activity. "Samum" goes back to 1888, and therefore is twin sister to "The Father." If either of these two is more venomous, it is "Samum." The source of the hatred is, in this case, racial difference, whereas in the other it was sex. "Debet och Credit" was written in 1892, and shows signs of the approaching brainstorm. "Advent" is the resignation after the storm (1899). The other plays in the volume—"Swanwhite," "Thunderstorm," "After the Fire,"—are products of the twentieth century, two having been written within a few years of Strindberg's death. This excellent collection, perhaps the most typical of many phases of our author that has yet appeared, is introduced by one of Mr. Björkman's authoritative and instructive essays on Sweden's greatest writer.

When "The Red Room" (*Röda rummet*), Strindberg's first novel, was printed (1879), the author was scarcely more than thirty years old. It is not surprising, therefore, that the work should be one of stormy lives, of hunger and cold and terror, of all the dramatic elements in life that appeal to the young man who has struggled. There are passages in this book that have the warmth of intimacy that one feels in the recent works of H. G. Wells, and there are other passages that drop the tender idealistic reverence and plunge you into an icy bath of scepticism, of doubt, of atheism and of superciliousness.

"The Son of a Servant" (*Tjenstegivnans Son*) is the first long instalment of Strindberg's autobiographical material. I do not believe that any finer presenta-

tion exists of the miseries and sins of boyhood; the physiological terrors, the cruelty of parental authority, the malice of the pedagogical engine and of its crew—there can hardly be another equally honest and clear statement of the effects of these things on a delicate child than this bitter outburst. The translator has tempered or elided some of the frankest passages, so that the book may be placed on the shelves of any library without fear of contamination.

Of the other autobiographical books, only "Inferno" is available in English, and that is regrettable, for the reader may judge from the specimen of "Alone" that Mr. Josephson did for the REVIEW a few months ago, what a model of sedate, stately resignation that book is. "Inferno," like "The Red Room," is volcanic. But with the fire of approaching insanity, not with that of youth. Its prevailing mood is one of persecutory mania. There is an indecent quality about the revelations of hatreds and suspicions, but for that very reason "Inferno" is interesting. For what man besides Strindberg would have been willing to forfeit our good will in this way? In "Inferno," moreover, there are the beginnings of a coqueting with Catholicism that we shall meet again in later considerations of Strindberg, though he never became a Catholic.

His "Blue Book," of which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons print the first volume, under the title of "Zones of the Spirit," is a fine example of his later discursive phase. Turn its leaves, and on every page there is an opinion, or a wrath, or a mystical resignation, or a remnant of Misogyny, that is interesting. He tells you about Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," about Swedenborg in hell, about the futility of learning, and about many things not at all literary—all arranged under convenient headings, frankly disconnected and quite enjoyable each without regard to the rest of the book. There are things about Strindberg's past that do not become clear before one has read the "Blue Book," and the other volumes should therefore be presented to English readers as soon as possible.

The most interesting of Strindberg's novels in the one of which two translations are listed above, for both "By the Open Sea" and "On the Seaboard" are English versions of "*I hafssbandet*." This novel appeared in 1890. It begins as a rebellion against domination of the aristocracy—the natural aristocracy of ability—by the lower classes, and ends in insanity. No other man has so well pictured the weakness of exceptional talent when opposed by misunderstanding and malice. The story is relieved frequently by the flame of man's tenderness for woman, but the Strindberg of 1890 could not see anything in the woman but an ally of superstition. The description of Swedish life and Swedish scenery make one positively homesick for the *skärgård* and its moods.

The reader of the volume that begins with the story, "Midsummer Days" cannot fail to notice a side of Strindberg's work that has thus far been neglected. It is his brilliance as a writer of short stories and impressionistic prose poems.

The study of Strindberg by Miss Lind-af-Hageby is the first volume to appear in English dealing exclusively with this subject. We have had many single essays on the greatest literary figure of Sweden; in importance they range all the way from the masterly studies by Mr. Edwin Björkman, now reprinted in his "Voices of To-morrow," to the uninstructed and pretentious claptrap of Mr. James Huneker. But here is a whole volume at last and many others will follow it. Miss Lind-af-Hageby's book surprises us by its thoroughness and completeness. The author seems to have read everything Strindberg has written, a colossal task, which alone would impress one with the seriousness of her work. Her judgments are sound and acceptable, her English style fluent and graceful, even brilliant, and she has, in addition, had access to data concerning the life and relations of Strindberg, that are far from accessible to everybody—to the present reviewer, for instance.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

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## Brief Notes

The edition de luxe of "JULSTÄMNING," published by Åhlén & Åkerlund, Göteborg-Chicago, contains a veritable gallery of beautiful pictures. Eight reproductions in color of paintings by Liljefors, six autochrome landscapes of Sweden, and numerous other full-page pictures are all mounted on rich, heavy paper and suitable for framing. Roald Amundsen contributes an article on "Christmas at the South Pole." The book is sold by Carl Dahlen in New York.

"VALDA BERÄTTELSER" (Selected Stories) by Selma Lagerlöf, edited by Professor Jules Mauritzson, is a volume in the College and High School Series of Swedish Authors published by the Augustana Book Concern. The stories are among Miss Lagerlöf's best, and the English notes and full glossary make the book extremely valuable to American students of Swedish.

The Augustana Book Concern also publishes "THE SONG OF THE ROSE," by Hillis Grane, a story of Swedish life with a religious purpose, translated into English by A. W. Kjellstrand.

Captain Neils Heiberg, of the Norwegian Akershus Dragoons, who has just been in New York with his horse "Max" to take part in the jumping contests at the National Horse Show, is a lover of animals and the author of animal stories. His "WHITE-EAR AND PETER: The Story of a Fox and a Fox Terrier" has been published by Macmillan & Co. with sixteen attractive colored plates by the English illustrator, Cecil Aldin.

H. A. L.

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